Ready or Not

“When will you have kids?” a friend asks.

I think, parenthood—scary yet exciting.

How will my life change? Will I change?

Will Todd change? Will we be good parents?

How will I know we’re *ready*?

Is *ready* when we have money in the bank or own a home that is not a condo?

When I feel “settled down” or established in my career?

Maybe being ready is changing a diaper,

learning to swaddle,

or heating a bottle to that “just right” temperature.

Does ready mean I will be able to accept a disabled child?

Or the possibility that I am sterile?

If I’m ready, will miscarriage be ok?

Does it mean I can be conditioned to function

on three hours of sleep?

Will I be ready when my stomach is so swollen

that I wonder if my feet still exist?

What about when my breasts feel like volcanoes ready to erupt,

Am I ready then?

Maybe I will be ready for parenthood

and not even know it.

Maybe someone else will know I’m ready and let **me** know-

God, Mom, Todd or a friend…

I would like to know when I’m ready

to be a mom.

To know I’ll be fine.

Plan. Prepare. Know the time is right.

Know what to say to those who ask when I will be ready.

Ready

Set

Go!